MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

21 DEC

© 1982 MARVEL COMICS GROUP

KA-ZAR™

THE SAVAGE

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

M 21 DEC

© 1982 MARVEL COMICS GROUP

KA-ZAR™

THE SAVAGE

THE LONG AWAITED LOUISE JONES EDITORIAL

Hi folks,

Jim Shooter, our Editor-in-Chief and all-'round big guy here at Marvel has been after me for months to write an editorial...even if I DON'T have anything to say. So I'm sitting here and typing this in 97° weather. The air conditioner's broken and, if I'm lucky, my typewriter will break too, and I can go home. Naw. No such luck. Jim'd just tell me to write it long hand.

The rumors that Brent Anderson quit pencilling KA-ZAR because he was afraid of receiving another lecture from Jim on drawing action-filled comics like the one in KA-ZAR #13, is totally untrue. And as soon as his broken jaw is unwired, he'll tell you so himself!

As most of you have noticed, Armando Gil our regular KA-ZAR inker, has taken a couple of issues hiatus. But even though he's been on a leisurely vacation, he hasn't been totally idle, as you'll see if you just feast your eyes on the inside back cover. Sizzling, huh? Armando can pencil as well as ink, and a full-art job by him should be showing up in KA-ZAR real soon.

Actually we were going to fill this space with another fun-filled photo gag strip, but the camera broke. Really! That'll teach us to try to take Armando's picture. Next issue, for sure, the Phototorials continue! And maybe then Armando will explain why his pages are late! And whatever his excuse, I can guarantee it will be true...and unbelievable!

And speaking of unbelievable, I can't believe what's happening in KA-ZAR either! How can we kill off a title character? How can we call the next issue SHANNA THE SAVAGE? I tried to contact Bruce to find out what's going on but his answering machine tells me he's gone to a Comics Convention in San Diego, like everybody else, and he won't be back for a couple of weeks. I guess we'll just have to wait till Bruce gets home to find out the answers.

By the way, I was just joking about Brent's wired jaw. Jim pulled his punches. Honestly. In fact, Brent'll be starting his X-MEN Graphic Novel, due out this fall, just as soon as his broken arm heals. J-just kidding, Jim.

Now I just found out that the typesetting machine is out of order. And, unfortunately, the dreaded deadline doom approaches. Just type neat, they tell me. Sheesh!

Can I go home now?

Louise

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE

BRUCE JONES SCRIPT • RON FRENZ PENCILS • MEL CANDIDO INKS • GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORS • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • LOUISE JONES EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE!

KA-ZAR'S MEMORY WAS BACK COMPLETELY NOW, HE RECALLED IT ALL--HOW DR. COURTLAND AND HIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE RAMONA HAD FIRST VISITED HIM AND SHANNA IN THE SAVAGE LAND TO GATHER BOTANICAL DATA...

...HOW RAMONA HAD DONE EVERYTHING SHE COULD TO DISRUPT THINGS, TO MAKE SHANNA JEALOUS. HOW SHE'D CROWNED THE WHOLE VISIT BY INADVERTENTLY FIRING A BULLET INTO KA-ZAR'S FOREHEAD!

HE EVEN REMEMBERED THE FRANTIC PLANE FLIGHT FROM THE ANTARCTIC TO HERE, NEW YORK CITY. HE REMEMBERED THE AMNESIA, THE CRAZINESS, THE SAVAGERY AS HE WANDERED THE BIG CITY STREETS LIKE AN ANIMAL...

AND LASTLY HE REMEMBERED HIS LOSS OF SPEECH FROM A BULLET WOUND WHICH STILL AFLICTS HIM... HIS ENCOUNTER WITH HIS OLD FOE, KRAVEN... AND THE INCREDIBLE FIGHT THAT IS STILL NOT RESOLVED.

WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT NOT ONLY HAD THE MURDEROUS KRAVEN FOUND HIM, BUT SO HAD SHANNA...AND ZABU...

...AND, YES, RAMONA COURTLAND...

© 2021 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

I BROKE YOU OUT OF PRISON TO HELP ME *FIND* KA-ZAR, KRAVEN... *NOT* TO KILL HIM!

I WARNED YOU... I WARNED YOU! NOW KEEP--

--YOUR SLIMY HANDS--

--AWAY--

--FROM HIM!

DAZED AND BLEEDING, HEART POUNDING LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER, NERVES SCREAMING FOR THE **RELEASE** OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS... KA-ZAR WATCHES KRAVEN'S STARTLED FORM FLAIL BACKWARD UNDER THE CRUMBLING MORTAR -- WATCHES HIM FALL TO CERTAIN DEATH...

HE WATCHES--

--AND THEN HE ACTS!

KEVIN, DON'T TRY IT!

I'VE GOT TO!

AND AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND

FOOL! YOU THINK BY SAVING ME YOU'LL BE A HERO--THAT I'LL FORGIVE AND FORGET? KRAVEN THE HUNTER IS IN DEBT TO *NO* ONE! I'LL CRUSH YOUR BONES FOR THIS HUMILIA-TION!

ATTA BOY, KRAVEN, MAKE ME GLAD I :GASP: JUST TORE MY ARM OUT OF ITS SOCKET FOR YOU!

C-CAN'T GET A PURCHASE ON THIS ROOF...LOSING MY FOOTING--

THE WEIGHT IS TERRIBLE, THE STRAIN TOO MUCH...

--FALLING!

KEVIN, NO! LET HIM GO!

YOU IDIOT, YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF FOR NOTHING!

GOT TO GET HIS ANKLE BEFORE HE GOES--

--OVER!

UH!

WHUNKK!!

OH LORD, THAT CRACKED A RIB OR TWO!

KEVIN, GRAB ONTO SOMETHING -- GET A HOLD -- DROP THAT MANIAC OR DO *SOMETHING*! I CAN'T HOLD YOU!

KEVIN-- *DARLING*-- DID YOU *HEAR* ME? THE WALL IS CRACKING UP HERE, LOVE!... ALONG WITH MY FOREARM! KEVIN, I'M GOING TO *DROP* YOU!

CAN HE HEAR ME? DOES HE UNDERSTAND MY WORDS?

WHAT IS HE THINKING?!

CAN'T... LET...GO...

LET ME **GO**, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE GOING TO DRAG THE GIRL DOWN WITH US! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

BLAST THE MAN--HE HAS COURAGE I WOULDN'T HAVE CREDITED HIM WITH!

WHILE ONLY YARDS AWAY, RAMONA FINDS AN EASY TARGET...

NICE WORK, SHANNA OLD GIRL... JUST HOLD ON A SECOND LONGER--

"--AND WE'LL SEE IF RAMONA CAN'T LIGHTEN THE LOAD A BIT."

WHA--

JAMMED! THE BLASTED GUN IS JAMMED!

KLIK

ABRUPTLY...

CRACK!

THE WALL! KEVIN, I WARNED YOU!

BLAST YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET HIM GO?

I'M SORRY, DARLING, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT-- *I LOVE YOU*, KEVIN! DID YOU HEAR ME! *I LOVE YOU!*

I LOVE YOU TOO, BABY--

-- I ONLY WISH I HAD THE VOICE TO TELL YOU SO!

THIS IS IT! THIS IS HOW IT ENDS! WE'RE GOING TO *DIE*... WE'RE *REALLY* GOING TO DIE THIS TIME! AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, WE'RE GOING TO CASH IT IN HERE IN THE BACK ALLEY OF SOME NEW YORK SIDE STREET! I CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT!

WE'RE JUST GOING TO FALL AND FALL AND FALL UNTIL WE--

SPROOOO

A NET--STRETCHING BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT WASN'T HERE TWO SECONDS AGO! HOW COULD ANYONE HAVE...

WAIT A MINUTE... THIS NET IS STICKY! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON ALIVE WHO COULD--

YOU KNOW, KRAVEN, THIS IS REALLY BECOMING A BORE. WHY DON'T YOU DO US ALL A FAVOR AND JUST STAY IN JAIL?

YOU!

I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED!

FATEFUL, ISN'T IT, THE WAY WE KEEP CROSSING PATHS IN THE NIGHT. FRANKLY, I THINK I'M FALLING IN LOVE...

ARE YOU FREE THIS EVENING?

BLAST YOU! I'LL RIP YOUR HIDE OFF!

NOW IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO THE SPIDER-MAN WHO JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE? I DIDN'T *HAVE* TO PUT UP THAT WEB, YOU KNOW...

I MEAN, HERE I AM, SPINNING ALONG, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, ENJOYING THE SPRING EVENING, FILLING MY LUNGS WITH POLLUTION, HAVING A GOOD TIME. I ROUND A CORNER AND WHAT DO I FIND--? THE FLYING WELLINDAS!

BUT THEN YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE A HARD TIME KEEPING ON YOUR FEET, DIDN'T YOU, KRAVEN?

IT *IS* STILL KRAVEN, ISN'T IT? I MEAN, IT'S SERVED YOU SO BADLY, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU CHANGED IT...

I'LL SPLIT YOU END TO END!

"KRAVEN"!.. HMM, THAT MEANS *COWARD*, DOESN'T IT? FAMILY NAME?

OOO, SLOPPY THROW, OLD MAN! TOO MUCH OF THAT RICH PRISON FOOD?

PREPARE NOW TO *DIE*, INSECT! I--

YOU IDIOTS! *STOP IT!*

BOTH KRAVEN AND SPIDER-MAN WHIRL AT THE SOUND OF THE SHRILL FEMALE VOICE BEHIND THEM...

BANTERING BACK AND FORTH LIKE SCHOOLCHILDREN--HE'S *DYING!* CAN'T YOU SEE, HE'S *DYING!*

I-I DIDN'T KNOW...

THIS MAN SAVED MY LIFE. HE..., HE HAS GREAT COURAGE...

KRAVEN THE HUNTER ACKNOWLEDGES COURAGE IN *ANY* FORM...

W-WHAT CAN I DO?...

YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH ALREADY, I THINK! YOU BEAT THE LIFE OUT OF HIM WHEN HE HAD A SEVERE BULLET WOUND IN THE FOREHEAD!

BULLET WOUND?... I-I DIDN'T KNOW...

HIS PULSE... IT'S BARELY BEATING... HE WON'T LAST LONG...

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL! HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION!

NO...

I'LL TAKE HIM!

I SAID NO! MOVE HIM IN THIS CONDITION AND YOU'LL DO HIM UNTOLD HARM!

LET HIM REST EASY THERE IN THE NETTING!

OH, LORD, HE'S HARDLY BREATHING!

I'M GOING FOR AN AMBULANCE!

BUT--

STAY WITH HIM!

WHAT DO YOU THINK? WILL HE MAKE IT?

I DON'T SEE HOW. AND HE'S PROBABLY SUFFERING TERRIBLY...

I'LL NOT STAND BY AND SEE A BRAVE MAN SUFFER NEEDLESSLY...

MOVE ASIDE, WEB-SLINGER...

MEANWHILE...

YES, HE'S AT 52ND AND 3RD AVENUE! AND HURRY--IT'S CRITICAL!

TELEPHONE

WELL? IS IT DONE?

IT'S OVER... HE WON'T FEEL PAIN AGAIN...

ABRUPTLY, OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

BUTCHER! WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE* TO HIM?

IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A MERCY-KILLING, KRAVEN? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO *HELP* HIM!

HOLD IT! *WHOA!* HOLD ON! KRAVEN DID THE RIGHT THING!

YOU DON'T THINK YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN WOULD STAND IDLY BY AND LET THIS LEOPARD-SKINNED LUMMOX PRACTICE EUTHANASIA ON YOUR BOYFRIEND, DO YOU?

I KNOW A LOT ABOUT SCIENCE... BIOLOGY... I KNEW THAT, THIS TIME ANYWAY, KRAVEN WAS ON THE UP-AND-UP

YOUR FRIEND NEEDED IMMEDIATE TREATMENT. THE ONLY WAY KRAVEN COULD HELP WAS TO USE HIS KNIFE--

--TO ADMINISTER A POWERFUL JUNGLE DRUG, N'GAMI, INTO HIS BLOOD STREAM. HOPEFULLY, THE DRUG WILL BOTH EASE HIS PAIN AND KILL SOME INFECTION. I THINK IT'S WORKING...

N'GAMI. OF COURSE...

WHO *ARE* YOU? KRAVEN? WHAT'S BEHIND THAT BEETLING BROW?

I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO HATE YOU OR KISS YOU...

MY POOR DARLING... HE'S BREATHING EASIER NOW, BUT HE STILL NEEDS FURTHER ATTENTION...

HE'S GOING TO GET IT--THAT'S A SIREN I HEAR DOWN IN THE STREET.

THE AMBULANCE IS HERE!

HERE! WE'RE UP HERE!! HURRY!

AROOOOOO

OKAY, MISS O'HARA, THIS IS WHERE I SAY GOOD-BYE...

WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET, INSECT!

FIRST OFF, NATURE BOY, A SPIDER IS *NOT* AN INSECT, SO YOU CAN DROP THAT PARTICULAR WITTICISM OR GO ON LOOKING LIKE A MORON. A SPIDER HAS EIGHT LEGS, NOT SIX, THAT MAKES IT AN *ARACHNID*, GOT IT?

AM I MOVING TOO FAST FOR YOU, TIGHT-PANTS?

YOU HAVE TWO SECONDS TO LIVE...

SECONDLY, THE ENTIRE AREA IS NOW CRAWLING WITH NEW YORK'S FINEST. I DON'T DO EXHIBITION BOUTS. DO YOU?

YOU HAVE A POINT...

POLICE

POLICE

I *WILL* GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR THE DRUG INJECTION, HOWEVER--NICE JOB! MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU YET, KRAVEN!

I PROMISE TO GO EASY ON YOU NEXT TIME WE BASH EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT!

UNTIL *THEN*, ARACHNID!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, FOLKS? HE GOT IT *RIGHT!*

THE AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS ARRIVE...

SPIDER-MAN!

NEVER MIND ME, YOU'VE GOT A VERY SICK JUNGLE BOY HERE!

I'M LEAVING NOW, MISS O'HARA. KEEP ME POSTED ON HIS PROGRESS.

HOW WILL I REACH YOU?

I'LL REACH YOU! GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT! AND THANK YOU! THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING! REALLY!

MAYBE... MAYBE I CAN-- I DON'T KNOW, BUY YOU DINNER OR SOMETHING? YES!

IT'S A DATE!

THREE HOURS LATER...

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

DOCTOR? EXCUSE ME... I--ARE YOU ADMINISTERING THE PATIENT WITH THE HEAD WOUND?

I'M DR. TUTTLE, MISS O'HARA. PLEASE SIT DOWN AND RE-LAX...

STAFF ONLY

NOTICE

WE'RE DOING ALL WE POSSIBLY CAN AND YOUR FRIEND SEEMS TO BE IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER. THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE HE'LL PULL THROUGH...

W-WOULD YOU-AHEM-WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COFFEE, MISS O'HARA, A CIGARETTE?

ROWF

THANKS, I DON'T SMOKE--THOUGH I MAY START!

MISS O'HARA?

YES?

HELLO...

MY NAME IS PETER PARKER, MISS O'HARA. I'M A--SORT OF AN AQUAINTANCE OF SPIDER-MAN'S.* HE ASKED ME TO LOOK IN ON YOU AND YOUR FRIEND.

HOW IS HE DOING?

EXIT

*AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT PETER PARKER IS SPIDER-MAN -- YOU OUGHT TO!-- LOUISE.

HE'S DOING JUST FINE, MR. PARKER. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THIS YOUNG LADY FOR SOME LUNCH--

--GET HER SOME FRESH AIR? THEY TELL ME SHE'S BEEN SITTING OUT HERE FOR HOURS.

IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE... IF THE LADY IS UP TO IT...

THANK YOU... I'D LIKE THAT VERY MUCH...

YOU *WILL* STAY WITH HIM, WON'T YOU, DOCTOR?

EVERY SECOND! I'M ON DUTY ALL DAY! NOW GO EAT!

OH DEAR...I FORGOT ABOUT POOR ZABU!

;SIGH; THE AUTHORITIES FINALLY GAVE UP AND LET ME KEEP HIM, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM HALF THE TIME!

C'MON, WE'LL GRAB A HOT DOG IN THE PARK, HE'LL BE FINE!

CENTRAL PARK...

AHH, THIS IS A LITTLE MORE LIKE IT! NOT QUITE THE SAVAGE LAND, BUT AT LEAST THERE'S A BIT OF GREEN!

YOU'RE AWFULLY SWEET TO DO THIS, MR. PARKER. I KNOW IT MUST BE TAKING YOU AWAY FROM YOUR WORK...

THE NAME'S PETER, AND LET ME WORRY ABOUT THE WORK.

WELL, ANYWAY, THANK YOU AGAIN, AND THANK YOU FOR THE LOAN OF YOUR WINDBREAKER. IT'S KINDA TOUGH FOR A GIRL TO WALK DOWN FIFTH AVENUE IN ONLY A LEOPARD SKIN...

MMM, ESPECIALLY ONE WITH YOUR FIGURE. KA-ZAR'S A LUCKY MAN.

DO YOU THINK SO? THAT'S NICE!

TELL ME ABOUT HIM, SHANNA. HOW DID YOU MEET? AND WHY ISN'T HE THE HAM-FISTED SAVAGE WITH THE EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS VOCABULARY I USED TO HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT?

HE DID SPEAK LIKE A CHARACTER OUT OF A PULP NOVEL ONCE, DIDN'T HE?

"WHEN KEVIN AND I MET, IT *LOOKED* LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A PULP NOVEL... A CHARACTER NAMED MALGATEN THE RED WITCH AND HIS SLAVE MAA-GOR THE MAN-APE HAD US TRUSSED UP FOR SACRIFICE IN HIS CASTLE. THANKS TO ZABU, WE GOT OUT OF THAT ONE--THOUGH MAA-GOR IS STILL WANDERING ABOUT SOMEWHERE IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

"AFTER THAT WE GOT INVOLVED WITH KA-ZAR'S OLD PAL TONGAH AND THE FALL PEOPLE FOR AWHILE, THEN DRIFTED APART. I WENT BACK TO AFRICA, FOR A TIME, TO PRACTICE VETERINARY MEDICINE...

"BUT I DON'T KNOW, THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT ALL THAT WELL BACK ON THE DARK CONTINENT. SEEMS MY CO-WORKERS HAD HEARD ALL ABOUT THE GIRL IN THE LEOPARD-SKIN OUTFIT AND HER UNORTHODOX WAYS OF MIXING WITH THE ANIMALS..."

I GOT WEARY OF ALL THOSE WHITE LAB SMOCKS--ALL THOSE FUNNY STARES... SO...

"...I BOUGHT A PARACHUTE, RENTED A PILOT, AND DROPPED BACK INTO THE SAVAGE LAND! I'VE ALWAYS LOVED WORKING WITH BIG ANIMALS--

"--AND THEY DON'T COME MUCH BIGGER THAN THE DESCENDANTS OF THE CRETACEOUS AGE...

"AND, OF COURSE, WHERE THERE'RE DINOSAURS, THERE'S KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE--THEY SORT OF TROMP ALONG HAND IN HAND, YOU MIGHT SAY...

"WE JUST KEPT BANGING INTO EACH OTHER. I WAS ALWAYS STUDIOUSLY DRAGGING SOME WARTHOG FROM A TAR PIT AND KEVIN WAS ALWAYS BEATING ON HIS CHEST, BELLOWING LIKE AN APE, AND SAYING TRENDY THINGS LIKE: 'KA-ZAR STRONG LIKE BULL' OR 'LORD KA-ZAR MONARCH OF ALL JUNGLE!'

WELL, FOR A GIRL WHO GREW UP ON JOYCE AND PROUST, THAT WAS PRETTY HARD STUFF TO TAKE. FUNNY THING WAS, I COULD SEE A REALLY FINE MIND PULSING BENEATH THAT FURROWED BROW.

IT WAS JUST THAT KEVIN GOT HIS FORMAL EDUCATION CUT OFF AT A VERY TENDER AGE, WHEN ALL THE OTHER KIDS WERE READING **JUNGLE** COMICS AND GOING **TO JUNGLE MOVIES. UNDER** THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT ISN'T HARD TO SEE WHY HE BEGAN EMULATING HIS **HEROES.**

BUT BEYOND A CERTAIN POINT, IT ALL GOT PRETTY SILLY. I MEAN, HE WAS GETTING MAIL DROPS AND RADIO BROADCASTS AND EVEN GETTING OUT OF THE SAVAGE LAND NOW AND THEN. HE KNEW WHAT REAL LIFE WAS ALL ABOUT, HE JUST DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE IT...

"SO, BEING THE TACTFUL, DIPLOMATIC, POLITIC PERSON I AM, I APPROACHED HIM ON THE SUBJECT...

WHY DON'T YOU GROW UP AND KNOCK OFF ALL THE BULL APE LINGO?

"HE, UH... DIDN'T TAKE KINDLY TO THE SUGGESTION...

DON'T ORDER *KA-ZAR*, WOMAN!

LISTEN, HOT-SHOT, THERE'*RE* ENOUGH BRAINLESS ANIMALS IN THE JUNGLE TRYING TO PAW ME WITHOUT *YOU* GETTING INTO THE ACT--SO *LAY OFF!*

;SIGH; WELL, HE DIDN'T TAKE SO WELL TO THAT, EITHER. *HATES* TO BE YELLED AT, YOU KNOW...

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED? HE *HIT* ME.

YOU'RE KIDDING! HE HIT A WOMAN?

SURE. ALL THE BULL APES HIT THEIR WOMEN, DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?

AND WHAT DID YOU DO?

I FELL DOWN.

"THEN I GOT UP AND KICKED HIM IN THE GROIN. THEN *HE* GOT UP AND SPLIT MY LIP--

"THEN I JUMPED ON HIS BACK AND BLOODIED HIS NOSE. THEN HE PULLED ME OFF AND WRENCHED MY SHOULDER...

"THEN I SLAPPED HIS FACE AND SPIT IN HIS EYE. THEN HE PICKED ME UP AND THREW ME ABOUT TWENTY FEET--IS THIS BORING YOU?

"THEN I GOT ON TOP OF HIM AND PUMMELED THE TAR OUT OF HIM FOR HALF AN HOUR...

"THEN HE GOT ON TOP OF ME AND TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO TEAR MY LUNGS OUT. I CALLED HIM AN ILLITERATE SISSY. HE ACCUSED ME OF DYEING MY HAIR...

"WELL, THAT *REALLY* TEED ME OFF! I GRABBED ONTO HIS HAIR...

"... HE HAS WONDERFUL HAIR, KEVIN HAS... SOFT AND WAVY, SILKY TO THE TOUCH, NOT ROUGH LIKE YOU'D THINK IT WOULD BE...

"... AND HIS EYES... DEEP, BEAUTIFUL, EXPRESSIVE EYES, FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT, PASSION... AND HIS LIPS...

"... HIS LIPS... SIGH...

I, UH, TAKE IT YOU WEREN'T STILL BEATING THE TAR OUT OF EACH OTHER AT THIS POINT?

THE MAN CAN KISS, PETER, MY FRIEND... THE MAN CAN CERTAINLY -SOB- KISS...

"...AMONG OTHER THINGS...

HEY... HEY!... HE IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, YOU KNOW! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE THAT!

RIGHT - SOB - ... RIGHT YOU ARE... - SNIFF - SAY IT'S GETTING LATE, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE BEEN A PEACH, PETER! THANK YOU.

HERE'S YOUR JACKET--AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW IF THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE DIFFERENT, I'D BE FLIRTING WITH YOU LIKE MAD.

IF THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE DIFFERENT, SO WOULD I!

SOON...

EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR, DID YOU JUST COME OUT OF MR. PLUNDER'S ROOM?...

MISS O'HARA?... I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS... MR. PLUNDER TOOK A TURN FOR THE WORSE...

HE ISN'T...

ABOUT SIX MINUTES AGO... I'M AFRAID WE LOST HIM...

NEXT: SHANNA THE SAVAGE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

TALES of ZABU!

OBSTACLE COURSE

SCRIPT: BRUCE JONES
ART: VAL MAYERIK
LETTERING: JANICE CHIANG
COLORING: DON WARFIELD
EDITOR: LOUISE JONES
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: JIM SHOOTER

ZABU STANDS THERE UNDER THE BRIGHT NOON-DAY SUN, GREAT SIDES HEAVING FROM THE LONG CLIMB, AGATE EYES STARING DISBE-LIEVINGLY AT THE MOCKING SPECTACLE BEFORE HIM.

HAS HE REALLY GONE THROUGH ALL THIS, CLIMBED ALL THIS WAY, STRUGGLED THIS FAR, COME SO CLOSE TO PULLING DOWN THE GIANT FLYING REPTILE AND ITS PRECIOUS CARGO, ONLY TO BE CHEATED AT THE LAST MOMENT BY THE GAPING CHASM BETWEEN HIM-SELF AND THE NEST...

...ONLY TO STAND IMPOTENTLY HERE, BREATH SHUDDERING IN AND OUT OF HIS EXHAUSTED LUNGS, THE HIDEOUS PTERANODON SO CLOSE...AND YET SO FAR...

IS THIS HOW IT IS TO END, THEN, WITH THE MAN-CHILD'S FRAIL, LIMP FORM TOSSED INDIFFERENTLY TO THE HORDE OF SQUEALING VERMIN THAT ARE THE CREATURE'S LOATHE-SOME YOUNG?

IS THIS THE FATE THE GREAT CAT ZABU WAS MEANT TO ENDURE FOR A LIFETIME... TO CONTINUALLY HAVE THE VERY THINGS HE LOVES TORN FROM HIS GRASP BEFORE HE TRULY GETS TO KNOW THEM?

NO! HE WOULD RATHER DIE FIRST!

CLOMP!

WHUMP!

GRAB HOLD! GRAB HOLD! TIGHTER! YOU'RE SLIPPING...

...SLIPPING...

IF YOU DROP THE BOY...IF YOU LET HIM GO... YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF...BUT YOU MUST HURRY... YOU MUST DECIDE...NOW!

NOW!!

EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY SCREAMING IN SILENT AGONY, EVERY NERVE TORN TO RAW, BLEEDING SHREDS, EVERY OUNCE OF WILL POWER DEPLETED, EVERY SIGN OF HOPE GONE...

...INCH BY INCREDIBLE INCH HE PULLS HIS TORTURED BODY OVER THE LIP OF THE PRECIPICE...

...THE MAN-CHILD WILL **NOT** BE DROPPED... HE WILL **NEVER** BE DROPPED AGAIN!

AND NOW AT LAST, SAFETY SANCTUARY...

WRONG!

SKREEEEEE

THE CLIFF GIVES WAY BENEATH THEM, DROPPING ZABU AND KEVIN INTO SPACE.

CRACK!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH!

ARMANDO